

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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Summer Happenings in Gay Gotham and Elsewhere.



THE FIRST HOME.



THE HOME AFTER THE FIRE FEB. 18, 1900.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

MUTEDOM hereabouts and its friends, together with a large out-of-town contingent, had an excursion to Gallaudet Home one day last summer. It was the most successful affair of the kind that ever left the city. So 'tis said.

The main object of those who went on the excursion was to inspect the new building which takes the place of the one destroyed by fire several years ago. This building was erected under the supervision of the late Dr. Gallaudet and was but recently completed and occupied.

Just before the hour of nine on the morning of July 18th last, a "special," consisting of six cars, pulled out of the Grand Central depot, bound for Camelot, some seventy miles up the Hudson. It was well filled with as jolly a crowd of mutes and their friends as ever got together. At 125th street the first stop was made and more excursionists got on board. The last stop going out was at Yonkers. Here the out of town people and their cousins got on the train. All aboard was sounded. Puff! Puff!! Puff!!! The engineer pulled wide the throttle of his locomotive. The big wheels revolved faster and faster and the excursion was at last off in real earnest. Hurrah!

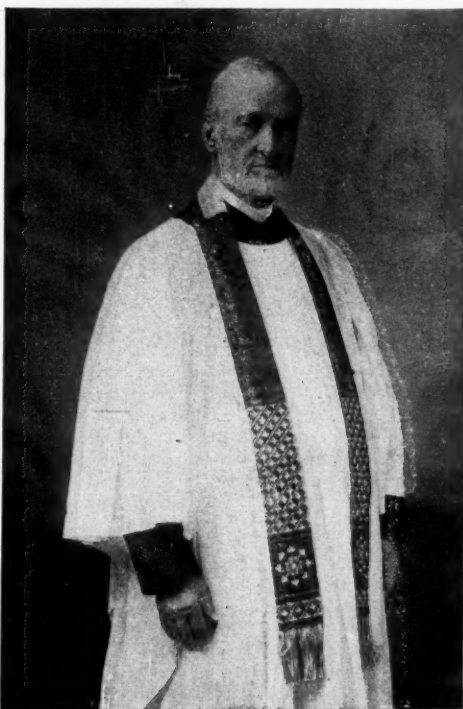
It was now raining hard, but what cared those on the train for that? They were out for a good time, and in spite of the disagreeable weather, they were bound to have it.

All too quickly the train reached Camelot. It was still raining, but those who had come miles to see the new Gallaudet Home were not in the least deterred. The lucky ones with umbrellas and wraps congratulated themselves upon their forethought; the others got wet and that not a little.

Although a buss was in waiting at the depot it could hold but few of the many who would ride; the rest footed it through the woods to the "Home." Here they were made welcome by the matron, the lady managers and the inmates.

The program as mapped out by the committee in charge, stated that speechmaking, poems, etc., would be the first order of the day. Those who had come miles to see the new building would have none of it—not immediately. They began the inspection at once. Many were the exclamations of wonder, surprise and delight at what they saw. Indeed, the building is a magnificent one. It contains a library, chapel, sleeping apartments and dining room with ample kitchen.

The Gallaudet Home is situated on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres and commands a fine view of the Hudson river. To a certain extent it is non-sectarian although under the jurisdiction of the Episcopal church.



THE LATE REV. DR. GALLAUDET,
The Founder of the Home.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., assisted by a Board of Trustees, has general control of the "Home." The deaf trustees are Messrs. Barnes, Hodgson, Juhring, Jones, Fox, Dantzer and Soper. Five of these trustees represent Manhattan. Brooklyn with its large deaf population has but one representative and one hails from Rochester.

Perhaps this is all right and could not be improved upon. Yet there are doubtless a great many of the deaf who believe that in all fairness the honors connected with being on the Board of Trustees should be more equally distributed among the INTELLIGENT deaf who reside in different parts of this State. Assertions that this cannot be is ridiculous. The speaking trustees are from all sections of the State and why not the deaf ones?

It has been asserted in the public prints that this "Home" should come under the control of the State Board of Charities. With all due deference to the opinions of others, it should do nothing of the kind. The power of control not only should but will remain exactly where it is now and this notwithstanding the "chronic kicking" of certain people. Do you catch on?

The picnic of the New Jersey Society came off on the afternoon and evening of July 11th last, but many who were expected to take part in the affair failed to put in an appearance.

Perhaps the weather had some thing to do with the slim attendance during the afternoon. The morning had been clear but very warm. Just before the park opened for the picnic, a heavy shower came up and continued for an hour or more. Then it cleared somewhat cooler, but the mischief had been done.

The members of the society, headed by their president John W. Black, were out in force and tried to make things pleasant for the deaf in attendance and in this they succeeded. Taken altogether they are an intelligent lot of young fellows. Some of these began their education at Fanwood and "finished" at Trenton, but the larger number are products of the New Jersey Institution. Both Prof. Jenkins, the former principal, and Prof. Walker, who is now "in the saddle" at the school, have reasons to be proud of their old pupils who apparently are fully able to take care of themselves.

From casual inquiry it was found that most of the members of the New Jersey Society have trades. At these they work and are doing as well as other people in the same line of employment. With few exceptions they acquired their trade at the Trenton school and following it up after leaving their *alma mater*, have become quite expert workmen. This is especially true of those who learned printing under the tuition of George Sidney Porter. These last have little or no trouble in securing employment and keeping it.

Roseville Park, where the picnic was held, is on the outskirts of Newark. It has a large dancing platform and is otherwise well adapted for summer outings. The park being on high ground commands an extensive view of the city and surrounding country.

It is unfortunate that year after year the Newark society should have bad weather for its picnics. This is principally to be deplored, because the object of the society is so commendable—the lending of a helping hand in the time of distress. May the society have better luck with their summer outings in future.

THE SILENT WORKER.

The officers of the New Jersey Society are: John M. Black, President; E. J. Manning, Vice President; Charles Cascella, Secretary; Charles Lawrenz, Treasurer and Fred Hering, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Floor Manager at the picnic was Charles Lawrenz; the Chairman of the Reception Committee Paul E. Kees and the Chairman of the Arrangement Committee Gus Matzart.

That part of Van Courtlandt Park where the Guild of Silent Workers held its last annual picnic, is an ideal spot for such outings.

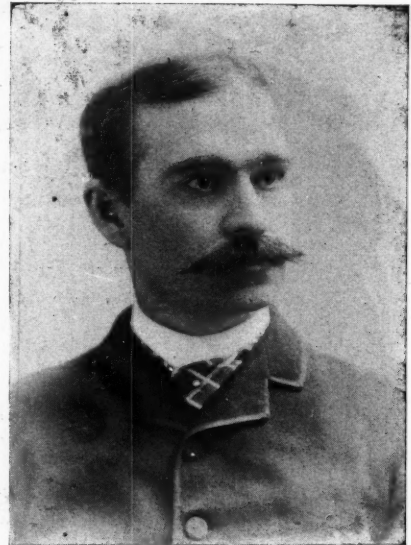
The day upon which this picnic took place was delightful, or as one charming young miss aptly put it, "it was just lovely"—consequently the deaf and their friends were out in force, among the latter being Dr. Chamberlain, wife and daughters.

The committee of which Mr. Chester Quincy Mann was chairman had arranged a large number of games for both ladies and gentlemen. These created much excitement and amusement, more especially the goose race. The "chasers"

publications. To be consistent Alex must now flay his own pet society, the "cream of mutedom." He will do it; just watch him.

Prof. Fort Lewis Seliney was in town for a few days last summer. This is not surprising, for there is no better resort during the hot weather than this city. He is a graduate of the Fanwood school and has been a teacher at Rome, N. Y., ever since the institution there was established. Several years ago, Hamilton College honored itself by conferring the degree of Master of Arts upon Mr. Seliney. He is also editor of the *Register* and has been a frequent contributor to the *American Annals*. So far so good.

Prof. Seliney, while here, attended one of the meetings of the Gallaudet Home excursion committee. When asked what he thought of the paper read at a convention by Albert Victor Ballin a year or so ago, he said he was against "fault finding aimed at institutions," etc. His further talk upon this subject conveyed the impression that the Deaf have no right to speak or criticise things that happened at such schools.



MR. SAMUEL McCLELLAND,
SILENT WORKER ENG.

One of New Jersey's Prominent Deaf-Mutes and at one time leader in Athletics at Fanwood.

thinks the lady managers of the Home do not run it right nor do they pay sufficient respect to his opinions, hence his "kick." But ye scribes and pharisees do not fear. Mr. Dantzer will not resign as a missionary nor as a trustee of the "Home." Of that you can wager your last cent.

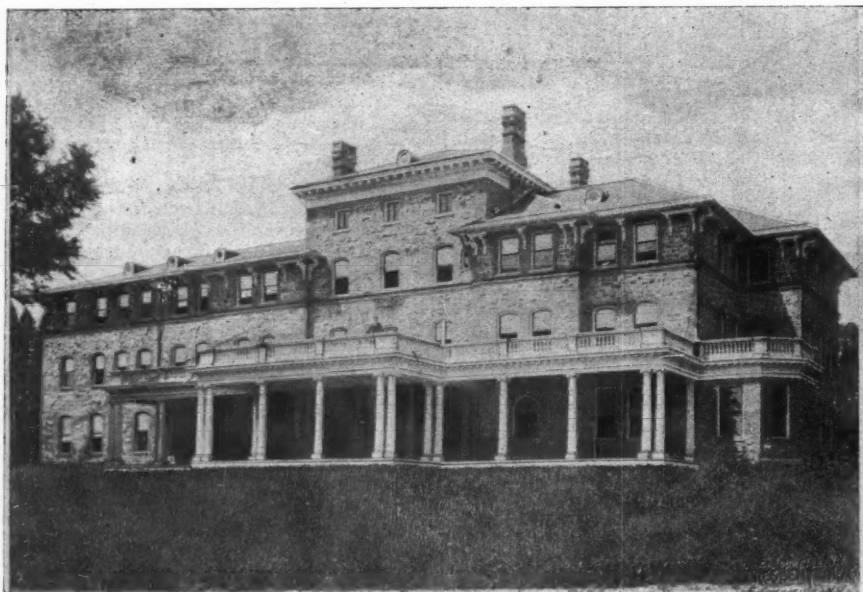
Secretary Froehlich of the Manhattan Literary Association will be surprised to know that as chairman of the Gallaudet Monument committee he really did very little to bring that affair to a successful conclusion. The one that did most of the work was the association which recently met at Rochester. Thus "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," has at last come out.

The paper read by Theodore I. Lounsbury at the Rochester convention was not only well written, but also interesting and instructive and in every way was fully the equal of the best read at conventions for the last twenty-five years.

About one hundred and fifty persons attended the convention, but of this number it is said very few joined the association. There must be some substantial reason for this indifference. Perhaps it is a want of confidence in certain alleged leaders. With less "fireworks" and more real business for the welfare of the deaf things might be different.



MRS. ELLA McCLELLAND,
SILENT WORKER ENG.
(nee Randall) also one of New Jersey's popular deaf-mute women.



THE NEW GALLAUDET HOME.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

were of the fair sex while the "goose" for the occasion is said to have been a biped from Yonkers.

The whole affair, including the dance and supper at the hotel in the evening, passed off in the best of manner, nothing occurring to mar the pleasures of those present.

Van Courtlandt Park is a public pleasure ground. Permits for outings are issued free of charge and the authorities see to it that those holding such permits are not disturbed by outsiders. Yet it is doubtful whether they would interfere with any well behaved person, who should happen upon this particular part of the park where the deaf were having an outing, because he refused to indirectly pay for being present, by buying a badge. Not to do so would look exceedingly mean, but the right to refuse to pay can not be denied, cracked-brained scribblers to the contrary notwithstanding.

The League of Elect Surds held a picnic during August last. Financially it was a success, thanks to the energy and foresight of Chairman Capelli, who "got out a neat little souvenir journal of eight pages." This souvenir was filled with the usual assortment of advertisements and other like "interesting" reading matter and reflects credit upon the "business ability" of Mr. Capelli. But—imagine the look of horror and indignation, which overspread the handsome and intellectual phiz of the great and only Pach when such a "souvenir" was put in his hands. Jerusalem! the Elect Surds are in for it now, for be it remembered that in a previous issue of the *WORKER* this wonderful great man soundly denounced other societies which got out such

As to unmerited praise of institutions and cringing to the "powers that be" through thick and thin, Mr. Seliney had nothing to say. Neither did he mention his own "fault finding" of schools conducted by the oral method. Perhaps he thought such "criticism" all in the family and a legitimate subject for a "kick" from such as he at any and all times. Prof. Seliney should spend a few years at some occupation outside of an institution. By that time his views and opinion of such a paper read by Mr. Ballin would undergo a most radical change. Of that a guarantee can be given him.

Henry Gloistein has secured a place at the American Bank Note Co., in which to finish learning his trade—steel plate engraving. This was secured for him through the influence of ex-Governor Lounsbury of Connecticut, who is President of the Broadway National Bank in this city. Steel plate engraving is one of the best paying of trades and requires not only intelligence, but also a steady hand and adaptability in order to become a good workman. It is to be hoped that young Gloistein will succeed at his chosen calling and be a credit to the deaf.

Henry was educated at the Lexington Avenue school. He is able to speak in a way and read the lips of others who talk to him and is a member of the Brooklyn Guild and the D. M. Union League. Gloistein is a fine looking young man about twenty-two years of age.

The man with a grievance turned up at the Rochester Convention. His name is Dantzer and his occupation is that of a missionary to the deaf; he is also a trustee of the Gallaudet Home. He

THE SILENT WORKER.

The Kinetoscope

AND NEW YORK NOTES

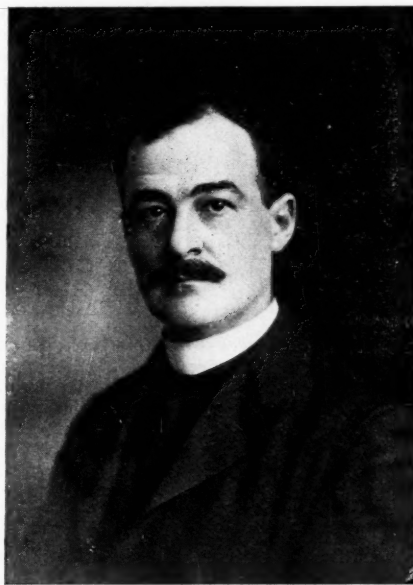
EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

"The trouble with some people is that they allow themselves to be discouraged by criticism, and the trouble with others is that they do not.—Puck.



HERE is a whole sermon in the Pucklet with which the season's series of Kinetoscope letters begins.

The meeting of the Empire State Association at Rochester was one of the most memorable ones ever held under the auspices of that organization and all concerned congratulated themselves that Rochester had the meeting and New York city didn't. The big Young Men's Christian Association Hall, practically a theatre, was given free for the good of the cause. New York with all its resources could not offer without cost such a splendid meeting place. Right next door was the New Osburne Hotel



SILENT WORKER ENG.

REV. C. O. DANTZER.

Elected President of the Empire State Association of the Deaf at the Rochester Convention.

that housed and fed the delegates in good style for only two dollars per day.

New York City? Nothing doing at \$2.00 per day!

The big reception at the Rochester School, whose doors were thrown open to some 300 deaf people who were entertained right royally and treated to a very lavish collation, has never had a precedent!

All of Rochester's deaf populace pitched in and helped with the good work. Their houses were thrown open to visitors from other cities and in every way, they helped the good work along.

Reverend C. O. Dantzer did splendid service, and the reception at his church was one of those truly social affairs that made all go away happy at the opportunities it afforded.

Rochester and Buffalo are about even in Empire State honors. In both these cities creed, school, race, color, all give way to one object—the Brotherhood of the Deaf!

The "side issues" of the Convention were many, varied and picturesque. A party of twenty or so left on Thursday evening at dusk for Ontario Beach. While waiting for the train, the Brian G. Hughes of the deaf, Sec'y Theo. I. Lounsbury discovered one of those big automatic slot machines that tell you weight for a nickel

and throw in your horoscope free; and he made himself five cents poorer trying it and when no card came out, he noticed a small placard in the corner that bore the legend:

"THIS MACHINE IS
OUT OF ORDER"—

And here came the joke—one by one he marched each of the rest of the party up and cajoled them into dropping nickels after which he would raise his elbow, bringing into view the legend above. It was great fun while it lasted and afforded great amusement to many waiting passengers.

Another not so funny! As the guests were departing from the Rochester school a New York delegate noticed a rather nice looking young lady glancing around as if in search of some one. As he enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance he asked if he could be of assistance.

No, her party had gone on ahead but she could find her hostess' house alone; it was right near by.

The New Yorker promptly proffered his services as escort and they were likewise promptly accepted.

Long story short: Exactly two hours of walking after being misdirected several times found them at the door of the young lady's stopping place. Now if the New Yorker had had his usual periods of rest it wouldn't have mattered, but Conventions to many of us mean incessant "go" and three hours' sleep was more than a number of us got.

When a man is on the jump 21 hours out of 24, he is liable to say naughty things when he takes a walk of 7 miles, consuming two hours to take a dear creature home. More, he is not only liable, but in this case actually did make several forcible, fearful finger burning remarks.

At one table at the Osburne sat a sweet girl "bridie" and her hubby. Also sat an old married couple who possess several girls and a boy. Also sat the writer and also sat the Secretary.

The Osburne waitresses are young women—except in one instance where elderly applies more correctly—but the young woman attending to the gastronomic wants of the above party was young and rather good looking. Some one (not Secretary Lounsbury this time) told her the couple opposite were bride and groom. Immediately she set about showing extra courtesies, but not to the bride and groom, but to Mr. and Mrs. Schindler of Brooklyn, the parents above mentioned, and they will not know till they see it here that the extra attention, extra dishes and extra knowing glances of all the rest of the waitresses were all bestowed because their waitress did not catch correctly which of the couples were the newly married ones.

The New York delegation was made up wholly of members of the League of Elect Surds. Seven of them made the trip to Rochester to show their loyalty to the State Association. Five of the seven afterwards went up to Canada as part of the outing and in each case the aside was voted well worth the while.

The convention habit is a good one to acquire and each year one finds many new and novel sensations. Old friends are met and new ones made. Three days of a convention are worth two weeks at any of the beaches, lakes or woodland resorts.

There are other worlds than the one we live in, and when we go away and meet other than our regular circle of friends we find new delights, learn many new things and comparisons are possible that are far from odious.

We meet people that we feel sure would be hail fellows well met if they were in our own towns and our own clubs and *per contra* we also meet others whose acquaintance we are glad is restricted to the three days of "Convention."

Some of us go to conventions as others go to college. At first we are timid little freshmen and all is strange and new. Next year we're old timers. Sophomoric assurance, you know. The

Liza Smith, an uneducated deaf and dumb girl living in Rahway, N. J., is said by one of the newspapers of this city to be heiress to an immense fortune—the Wormer estate—in England.

Frank Ecka, a former pupil of "Old Fanwood," is a prosperous wire weaver. He is vice-president of the Brooklyn Guild and a prominent member of the Brooklyn D. M. Club. Frank has a host of friends and is exceedingly popular with the young ladies. He attended the Gallaudet Home excursion and reported an immense time.

The *New York World*, of June 14th last, had quite a long write up about a blind deaf girl—Katie McGirr—a pupil of the New York Institution. The paper said that she was "once mute, but has mastered speech" and that "she excelled Helen Keller in linguistic powers"—"could ride on a tandem"—"used a type-writer and recites most of her lessons with it," and "has studied English History, literature, grammar, arithmetic, manners and morals," Katie is exceedingly fond of poetry and has a handsome volume of Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song. "Her friend" and, it is presumed, "her teacher," is Miss Barrager, a semi mute.

Samuel Winfield McClelland, of Mountain View, N. J., is a graduate of the Washington Heights school. While there Sam was a leader in athletic sports. At one time he was captain of the Fanwood Base-Ball club and at another he organized and captained the famous "Dexters." These two clubs had frequent battles for the supremacy of the institution and intense excitement prevailed during the contests on the "diamond," even the girls taking sides and sporting the colors of their favorites.

Mr. McClelland is a carpenter and has had steady employment at his trade for nearly twenty-five years. His wife is a graduate of the Rome, N. Y., school and exceedingly intelligent. They have a daughter about twelve years of age who can hear and speak. Sam has quite a fine property at Mountain View and seems to be well contented. As a change from his regular work, he raises fancy chickens during his leisure and is gaining fame thereby.

While at school on Washington Heights, Charlie Sanford learned to set type and run a press, but printing was not to his taste. Upon leaving "Fanwood" he served as an apprentice to a jeweller and mastered the trade. He is now said to be foreman of the shop in which he works. Charlie is somewhat "a dude" and is fond of having a good time. During several months past Charlie did considerable travelling. He "took in" Gallaudet College commencement and was greatly impressed at the wonderful smartness of the young men and the beauty and intelligence of the young lady students—visited his father who has a big plantation in Virginia—"did" the Gallaudet Home excursion and since this last has made numerous trips into New Jersey, principally to Greenwood Lake and Paterson.

Fred Knox is a deaf-mute who seems to have been born with a "silver spoon in his mouth." He is a master plumber, being in business with his brother, but spends considerable of his time during the summer months cruising on board of his fine yacht. This craft he bought in Boston last spring. With the aid of one man he brought her to this city by way of the Atlantic ocean and through Long Island Sound and said he had a fine time. Fred is a member of the "Elect Surds," an organization which aspires to be to the deaf what the Masonic order is to the hearing. He is married, has two children and lives in this borough.

The members of the Gallaudet Home excursion committee from this borough are under obligations to Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain for kindness shown them on many occasions. In point of fact the whole committee was treated with splendid hospitality at every meeting held at Dr. Chamberlain's home.

GEO. L. REYNOLDS.

20 March 58
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THE SILENT WORKER.

Third year (Junior Year) finds us reading a paper, taking part in the debates and ending up perhaps in the secretary's chair. Senior year we count on at least one Committeeship—possibly the Presidency. After that comes a feeling of superiority. We're Alumni now—or, better, on the Faculty. Some never get beyond the freshman stage and the "Faculty" can be counted on your fingers.

There were three hearing men practically of us, who infused the proper leaven. Dr. John Chamberlain, of New York, surprised all by his presence and there were many who were glad of the opportunity to meet Dr. Gallaudet's *confrere* and associate.

Dear old Dr. Fay (he must be old when you count his long years of service, but he neither looks nor acts old) gave a talk "as was a talk," full of snap, humor and what the dramatic writer speaks of as soul interest.

Dr. Westervelt set forth the aims and accomplishments of the Rochester school in a way that carried all. He laid stress on the utilitarian value of ENGLISH to the deaf-mute and all had to agree with him, that manual spelling was the way. In parenthesis I want to say that no matter how little the Rochester school product knows, he knows his English to the limit—the deaf-mute jargon language is an unknown thing to Rochesterians—perhaps it has been my good fortune to meet Rochester's best products, but at any rate they average up high.

There isn't a better speech-maker by signs than Dr. Westervelt, and he alternated his manual spelling with stretches of good, vigorous signs. Manual spelling is no hobby with him; it's a well demonstrated theory that he has worked out to the satisfaction of thousands.

Rochester is a fine city—it is an ideal convention city. It ranks with Buffalo and Syracuse and these are the only three in the State that can show real results.

Rochester has only two organizations of the deaf—most all its people are Rochester graduates and that makes a good starting: Rev. Dantzer's Mission has social features of a high order.

The other organization is the Black Gill Fishing Club, composed of a dozen young men who own a club house (which they built) and the land it stands on, on the shore of the lake at Sea Breeze. Saloons and other similar resorts get none of their money. Their leisure time is spent in their own club house, or on the lake fishing, sailing, swimming, etc.

Their dues are not at all high and married members and their wives have as good accommodations in the way of sleeping rooms as the single men.

They are a jovial lot—good fellows and good sports of the right kind as the disciple of Isaak Walton is prone to be.

Over in Brooklyn a young man connected with the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes, through his acquaintance with some of the proprietors of the big Amusement attractions at Coney Island was permitted to get up a party who were guests of the management. Together with the account of the affair, the *Journal* gave a disgruntled kicker's complaint but at the same time the *Journal* disavowed sympathy with the kick.

The young man who got up the party may and may not be wiser now. I hope he is. I have had some experience in this line myself and the pleasure of getting up such an affair is a minus quantity.

In the first place, if you invite, say thirty to go, there will be thirty more whose enemy will surely result from their not being invited.

Few of those you send tickets to will think it worth their while to say a word of acknowledgment of your trouble in getting up the affair. On the contrary, there will be a number who jump on you for any of the following reasons:

Because they want four seats instead of two.

Because you haven't given them long enough notice.

Because their seats are not far enough front.

Because somebody else's seats are not alongside of theirs.

Because it's not given Thursday instead of Friday night.

Because the theatre is not in their neighborhood, etc., etc., *ad nauseum*.

I have spent not a few dollars in getting these affairs through for an attraction I had already witnessed, and therefore, not for my own benefit.

I have learned quite a few lessons, so when the manager of a big attraction asked me recently if I would get up a party of deaf people to come in a body, I told him "nothing doing."

The disgruntled party who wrote to the *Journal* complaining of Doctor Gilbert's kindness at Coney Island made a point of showing that the deaf were taken in as a Charity. Now there is no such thing in such a connection. Frank C. Bostock, the proprietor of Bostock's Great Animal show, who entertained the party of deaf people at his great auditorium did not invite them out of charity, nor out of sympathy for them, but as a simple business proposition. Mr Bostock knows that he is advertising his show. Not in an underhand way, but in a frank, open manner. He argues that many of the people he is entertaining would not see his show if he waited for them to come in a body, he is making friends for his attraction, as well as for himself. These friends spread the merits of the performance and the marvels to be seen, and in this way, it all comes back.

Mr. Bostock has similarly entertained the deaf in other cities where he has exhibited, notably in Indianapolis, where all the pupils of the Indiana school were his guests.

The Animal King is a fine man to meet and to know, and without writing a word, nor using spelling or signs, he makes one feel at home. His treatment of the newspaper men has been unusual, and the mere fact that men like Hodgson of the *Journal*, and some others, are sent family passes for the entire season, shows that Mr. Bostock appreciates the advertising the deaf have done him, and will do for him in return for his unvarying kindness to them and his never-failing courtesy. Mr. Beck and Mr. Tudor, of his staff, like their chief always do the right thing, and do it handsomely.

The tremendous success of Luna Park, Thompson and Dundy's magnificent creation at Coney Island, which has made the place so popular that the railways could not carry the crowds who wanted to go there, and which necessitated the building of a railway line to the park entrance for the special express trains run exclusively for Luna Park patrons insures a bigger, better and grander resort for 1904. This most remarkable aggregations of shows, many of which are free to those who simply pay the ten cents necessary to admit at the gates has sent Coney Islandward thousands and thousands who, previously, would never have dreamed of going to Coney Island. Within its gates during the season were to be seen such eminent visitors as Sir Thomas Lipton, the Duke and Duchess of Shaftsbury, and the cream of the Astor 550 who are the real thing in New York's society. It was a common sight to see as many as fifty automobiles outside the gates awaiting their owner's return from a tour of the grounds, and these were usually of the most expensive type of Panhard's, DeDion's and other high class touring cars.

The Department of Publicity was in the very efficient hands of Mr. C. H. Murray, who lost no opportunity to boom the show and draw the crowds. Mr. Murray did not simply sit at his desk in the Administration building, but he was here there and everywhere giving suggestions and dressing up this, that and the other attraction.

ALEX. L. PACH.

DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO TEACHING DEAF-MUTES.

TEACHING the deaf and dumb to worship God is the work set out for himself by Father P. M. Whelan, curate of the Church of the Holy Cross, East Mount Airy avenue. He began teaching while yet a boy in his native Dublin and has kept it up ever since, making everything else subordinate to it. Entering the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo fourteen years ago, he still kept up his classes, and since he has been ordained to the priesthood has made their cause his own until

now, when his teachings have gained him national fame and he is in receipt of inquiries from all over the country from clergymen who wish to become conversant with his methods.

The location of his tiny church was chosen because of its proximity to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Mt. Airy, where there are more than six hundred inmates. Of these, 160 children worship at Holy Cross and it is a fine sight to see them marching along at 9 o'clock Sunday mornings and filing into church. After Mass they remain one-half hour in Sunday-school and are taught by Father Whelan, an assistant, who is a deaf-mute pupil of his, and six Sisters from St. Joseph's Convent, who understand the language. One of these Sisters is a deaf-mute and was educated in the Institute when it was located at Broad and Pine streets.

Besides the children at Mount Airy there are 300 Catholic deaf-mutes in Philadelphia, all of whom are personally known to Father Whelan. They worship at old St. John's and the Gesu.

Father Whelan's method of teaching consists in adapting his language to the understanding of these afflicted ones, for their comprehension is limited. His tracts are models of simplicity, consisting of short sentences that convey his meaning to these people who would be bewildered in trying to peruse an ordinary religious work. The following is taken from one of his leaflets on Lent:—

"The time between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday is Lent. Lent is a special time of prayer, fasting, and alms-deeds. By prayer we must understand morning and night prayers, attending Mass, going to Confession, receiving Holy Communion, reading good books, attending sermons. In a word, prayer includes every kind of Divine worship. You owe God the duty of prayer. You cannot pray by proxy. You must do it yourself. You may have failed in this duty in the past. Begin now in earnest. Be true to God. You are not true to God if you neglect the duty of prayer.

"The Bible says: 'Prayer is good when joined with fasting. Jesus Christ fasted for forty days. He gave instructions about fasting: 'When you fast be not sad, as the hypocrites. Fasting is good for the mind. Those who study hard, eat sparingly. The mind is lifted upwards by fasting. It is good for the body. Our bodies are like wild animals. They are tamed by fasting. The Bible says: 'He that is temperate shall prolong life. Also: 'A moderate man enjoys wholesome and sound sleep. Fasting is good for the soul. It inclines one to prayer. It helps a man to overcome himself. It keeps down the passions. It helps a man to be gentle, patient, and chaste. Keep down the animal nature and the spiritual nature grows strong.'"

Great progress has been made in recent years in the instruction of deaf-mutes, Father Whelan says, and it is sad to think that once they were entirely neglected.

"The honor of the first practical teaching of deaf-mutes belongs to Spain," he says, "the first systematic attempt being made by a Benedictine monk of Sahogun named Pedro Ponce, who died in 1584. St. Francis de Sales taught a deaf-mute youth and the Abbe de l' Epee of France gave his life and fortune to them. Previous to his time the public teachers of deaf-mutes made a great mystery of their work. The good Abbe freely imparted his knowledge to all who would accept it, and trained up many pupils to continue his work after his death, which occurred in 1789. He originated the natural signs and gestures to communicate information to deaf-mutes and wrote many books on the subject. He was so devoted to them that even in his 76th year he deprived himself of fire in his own room in order to sustain his school. He refused to teach children whose parents were able to remunerate him or to accept gifts from Catherine II. of Russia and Joseph II. of Austria."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*.

Walter Kuntze, of Halle, Germany, who has been deaf from his birth in 1869, has taken out the degree of doctor of philosophy at the Leipzig University.

"They that are born on Hallowe'en whiles see mair than ither folk.—*The Monastery*."

Massachusetts.



THE articles of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Boston Deaf Mute Society read as follows:—

We, the undersigned, desiring to hold undenominational religious meetings every Sunday at a permanent and central place in Boston, believe the following articles if accepted will carry the object out. We agree to abide by the same.

1st. The society shall be known as "The Boston Deaf-Mute Society." Its object shall be: first, to promote the religious welfare of the deaf of Boston and vicinity; and, secondly, to promote their intellectual and social welfare.

2nd. The society shall consist of three worthy and well-known citizens of Boston or any of its surrounding towns (all hearing men, or two hearing and one deaf) to be known as the trustees; and three worthy and reliable deaf-mutes to be known as the committee; and the subscribers hereto.

The trustees and committee shall be selected and confirmed by the annual mass meeting. The terms of the trustees and committee shall be respectively three years, and any member of either can serve any number of terms. The trustees are empowered to remove any member of the committee for good cause, and appoint any deaf-mute to fill any vacancy that may occur by removal, resignation or death. Any vacancy among the trustees shall be filled pro-tem by any one selected by the remaining trustees.

3rd. The duties of the trustees shall be to raise funds for expenses of religious meetings, and when such funds are more than sufficient to pay regular expenses, they shall start a permanent fund with the surplus, and shall add thereto until it is large enough for investment to afford an income to meet the expenses of religious meetings; no money of the permanent fund at any time shall be withheld if needed for religious meetings.

Conduct of religious meetings and all bills and plans for socials, lectures, etc., must have their approval.

The duties of the committee shall be to select a place for the holding of religious meetings to be held every Sunday at any hour and good preachers, subject to the approval of the trustees. They shall use their efforts to the utmost to aid the trustees in raising funds among the deaf.

(We, the undersigned, should feel it a duty to contribute a good share to the fund from time to time, or at least proportionately to our incomes, which on the whole are limited compared with the hearing people.)

The committee shall also create a separate fund raised through any honorable means, except solicitation, to defray expenses of socials and lectures, but under any circumstance they shall not make any debt without the consent of the trustees.

4th. The trustees and committee shall make mutual arrangements for their own convenience in regard to payment of regular bills, and others that may be necessary to carry out the objects of the society.

5th. The annual mass meeting of the society will occur the last Tuesday in September. Full reports, financial and other, will be given,—and election of committee and trustees will occur.

We favor Rev. Leo Boone Thomas as one of the trustees, and if he accepts the place, we request him to select two others for the trustees.

We favor Messrs. F. W. Bigelow, F. W. Wood, and Eugene Acheson for the committee.

We agree to do our utmost to help the committee and trustees to carry out the objects of the society.

Readers, after reading the above articles, will undoubtedly find many radical changes proposed for the society which will bring the trustees, committee and the deaf nearer together, or in other words, brotherly love or confidence in one another.

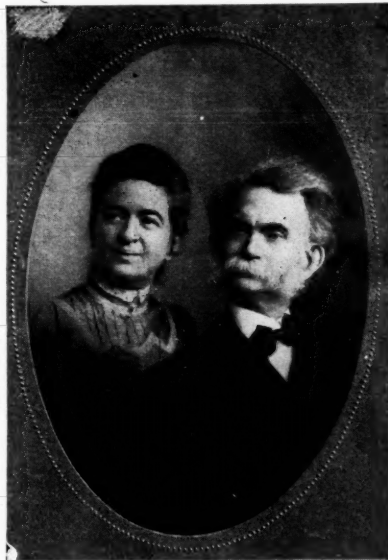
Sooner or later the society will be in a financial condition to afford a preacher from Old Hartford

regularly, and the longings of the deaf will be fulfilled.

EMILY GOLDSMITH.

Emily Goldsmith, the subject of this sketch, has had a successful career as teacher in the Kindergarten School in Franklin, N. H., after which she graduated from the Symond's Normal Kindergarten Training School in 1900, having taken the two years' preparatory course. She has kept her lucrative position ever since and now she is held in high esteem by her pupils and co-workers for her genial disposition. Her experience served as a great help to the school children morally, intellectually and spiritually, and fosters in them all that is good and chivalric.

She has acquired the rudiments of an excellent education from the Webster Grammar School and the Cambridge Latin High School. She also matriculated at the Vermont Academy, Sax-



SILENT WORKER ENG.

EMILY GOLDSMITH AND HER FATHER, WM. GOLDSMITH

ton River, for two years, but did not graduate, owing to her mother's sickness, so she had to leave the academy. Late, she completed a preliminary course of study at the Chauncey Hall School in 1896. Her father has provided every thing for her in the way of education.

It is our sad lot to chronicle the death of our good friend, Hiram P. Hunt, of Maine, who passed away at the ripe age of eighty years while out in the field last August. He attended nearly all the conventions of the New England Gallaudet Association in which he evinced a great interest. He was a man of strict integrity and uprightness and will be most deeply missed by his friends in New England. He was one of Rev. Job Turner's comrades in their school days at Old Hartford.

Patrick L. McCormick, of Taunton, and Nellie Coby, of South Brunswick, Maine, renounced the life of single blessedness by getting married on September 15th. Congratulations to them both. They are in Maine and Massachusetts on their honeymoon.

Johnny Hagerty, alias a Boston Kid of Holyoke, has secured a permanent position as a Book-binder in Boston. He is awe struck with the grotesque scenery and buildings in the "Hub City."

Thomas Moodie's wife died of consumption September 20th. Her bereaved husband and children have our sympathy.

The writer has made application to enter the Massachusetts School of Technology this fall. Failing in this, he will take up a course of study with the Scranton International Correspondence school.

NEW ENGLAND HOME NEWS.

J. Edwin Livingstone, of New Hampshire, has been admitted to the Home by consent of Rev. Mr. S. S. Searing. He is of respectable parentage and comes from old New England stock.

He has worked at the carpenter's trade for many years, but has been forced to give it up, because of a rupture which resulted from a severe fall of 30 feet from a house and has consequently incapacitated him from active work. He is a quiet, law-abiding and intelligent gentleman and enlivens the inmates with interesting stories.

Mrs. Patee, who has suffered with an operation three times previously, has returned to the Home, a wonderfully well preserved woman. Moreover, she is of a cheery disposition and bids fair to live many years longer if she takes good care of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wood remembered the Home with copies of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Christian Herald* and a box full of magazines.

The ladies of the Charitable Relief Society are devoted friends of the Home, heart and soul, and sacrifice themselves to the worthy cause, which commends itself to every one interested in it. Hope they have succeeded in reaping a barrel of shekels at Marblehead for its benefit.

Walter F. Morse, of Concord, Mass., and Mrs. Carolyn Hudson were united in holy bonds of matrimony, Tuesday the 28th of last July. Mr. Morse was a graduate of the Clark School at Northampton in 1877. Ever since he has followed the steel engraving trade save on one or two occasions when he worked in St. Louis, Mo., indefinitely, but not satisfactory to him, he returned to Boston.

Mrs. Morse has considerable talent as an artist. Her position in the Boston Museum of Arts has remunerated her for several years. Her father is a well-known artist. Mrs. Morse used to teach in the Evansville (Ill.) School for the Deaf and the Portland School in Maine for awhile. She keeps herself well read on topics of the world.

The open air services were performed by Philo. W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., on Clifton Heights, nearly all the Sundays being ideally beautiful, neither exhilarating nor sultry, except on one or two occasions when the weather was inclement. Mr. Packard is a deep thinker as well as a good preacher. He expounds the scriptures in such a manner as to enlighten the average person.

Alas! we have lost a good philanthropist in the person of Henry A. Wise, of Simsbury, Conn., through death, which terminated his earthly suffering. Mr. Wise was a great help to the New England Home for which he turned over \$100 to the Home fund.

Labor Day, September 7th, was the scene of a large gathering of the silent people to the number of about 150, at Marblehead, Mass., the ladies of the Charitable Relief Society having netted a goodly sum of money—\$19.20—with which to purchase some bedding for the New England Home for the Deaf. They acquitted themselves creditably.

William E. Shaw, of Brookline, intends to hold a grand electrical entertainment in Brookline on the 24th of October, the object being to raise funds for the Home.

Mrs. Jane Crosett, of Hartford, Conn., is to make her home with the inmates in Allston. She retains her physical symmetry although far advanced in years. She dislikes to tell her own age. She is a very comical woman and enlivens her friends with sallies of wit and vivacity.

J. C. PEIRCE.

The Review of Reviews for September says: "Mr. John Albert Macy explains, in the September *World's Work*, the perfection of modern teaching of the deaf, the recitations in gesture, and the simplicity of the modern manual alphabet. He shows what the parents of deaf children may do, and says a proper beginning is to write to the superintendent of one of the State schools. 'He may help her, or he may not be able to do anything. His power to assist depends on how liberally the Legislature has provided him with means and equipment to look after the deaf children of the State. But the mother can do something else, too. 'Learn the manual alphabet and let every member of the family learn it, and as many of the child's playmates as can be induced to try this interesting play of the fingers. Talk to it at table, and the child is almost sure to pick up a word or two at a time and make them on its fingers, just as the hearing child begins to babble.'"

OHIO'S DEAF-BLIND BOY.



HE marvellous educational development of Helen Keller has an unusual duplication in the remarkable case of Leslie Farquhar Oren, a nine-year-old blind and deaf protege of the Ohio Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb.

Stricken blind, deaf and dumb when two and a half years old, he has been made to speak, to use the sign language, to read the several systems of point print for the blind and to write on a typewriter. The remarkable development of

the boy is the marvel of all who have seen him, and he is spoken of as the "second Helen Keller."

When a performance was given a few days ago by pupils of the Ohio Institution before the Ohio Society of Charities and Correction, Leslie Oren was the center of all interest and the pupil who was regarded as the most remarkable.

Leslie is the grandson of former Senator Oren, and his parents are Clinton county farmers in moderate circumstances. He was born October 6, 1893. An attack of spinal meningitis left him without hearing, sight and speech. He entered the institution when five years old. His teacher, Miss Ada E. Lyon, says of him:—

"I recognized the extremity of the case when I found that Leslie was destitute of any ability whatever to express his most urgent wants. I realized that I was beginning absolutely at zero. The disease had left him with atrophied nerves, destroying permanently both his sight and his hearing. His every effort to understand merely added to his mental confusion. What he might become depended upon the quickening touch of the normal mind and the revelations of divine sentiments and passions of the human heart. The question was how to begin the solution of this tremendous problem.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT "W."

"I began first by an attempt to impress upon him that a certain sign was a request to have some urgent necessity met. If he was thirsty I taught him that to obtain a drink of water he must make the sign of the letter 'W' by holding his fingers to his lips. After many, many efforts I gained my first victory. He rationally connect-

ed the sign with a drink of water and readily made it, and soon I led him until he was able to express all his wants.

"The next step was the manual deaf alphabet. I used the contact sign-language, and after he began to learn the signs so that he could express himself intelligently I substituted the manual spelling in his hand for the signs.

"I communicated with him solely through the sense of touch. He learned readily that to touch him on the top of the head and to pat him mean 'Good boy.' Touches and contacts and motions of the hand in various directions all signified phrases which he soon learned.

"In this way, through the vocabulary was quite limited, I was enabled to communicate with him, and he, copying my methods of communica-

ideas. He learned much as a baby learns to talk. Sentences, questions and answers were spelled to him hundreds of times before he made any attempt to spell them himself. Such kindergarten work as has been available has been used as a means of cultivating the delicacy of his sense of touch and of concentrating the mind.

"He learned to read raised letters first. The word 'hat' in line print was placed on a hat and he was shown that the line print and the manual spelling of the word represented the same object. It was some time before he grasped the idea, but after the first word was learned it was a pleasure to teach him, he was so eager to know the name in print of familiar objects.

"When he could read line print readily he was taught New York point print and the new Braille print. Of course he readily acquired the use of the Braille writer."

LEARNING TO SPEAK.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all the achievements of this young prodigy is his learning to speak. He reads lips by placing the tips of the fingers of one hand on the lips and the thumb on the throat of his teacher, and while his hand is in this position he distinctly utters a word or a sentence. When once his mind grasps the meaning through his sensitive finger tips he immediately executes the order given. The only difference between his way of lip reading and articulation is that in the latter he puts one hand to his teacher's lips and the other to his own to see if he feels the same sound vibrations.

Lip-reading and articulation are the greatest bugbears to him. He has a strong, natural musical voice and is rapidly learning to talk. He has more than five hundred words in articulation, the greater part of which he articulates exceedingly well, both singly and in sentences. These words have been arranged to form a part of his Braille reading lessons, which he enjoys reading aloud. One lesson he enjoys much is a lesson written in point print or Braille formed of the words which he articulates best. He runs the fingers of his left hand quickly over his printed word, forming at the same time the corresponding letters on his right hand. He pronounces the word the moment he recognizes it, and begins to search for the object named.

USES A TYPEWRITER.



LESLIE F. OREN (with MISS ADA E. LYON.)

tion, was able not only to express the simplest wants, but also more abstract connections and

Another favorite lesson is to transcribe the point writing by running his left hand over the writing and with his right

writing it on the typewriter, locating the keys by their relative positions. At first he used a machine with raised letters on the keys, but now he uses an ordinary typewriter with ease.

In speaking of his traits of character his teacher added:—

"Leslie is a most lovable and affectionate child. Though he is very self willed, he is open to reason and has a most forgiving disposition. He is of artistic temperament and has a great love for the beautiful. If he does not know the name of some object about which he wants to ask he will cut the object with the scissors from the paper. Mechanically bent, he can mend almost anything that he finds broken.

"In his habits he is very orderly and methodical. His apparent nervousness is merely seeing rapidly with his finger tips what others see with their eyes. What appears to be curiosity in him is only an eager search for knowledge. In addition, subtraction, multiplication and division he shows great mental resource and is very accurate. He understands the use of the terms 'more' and 'less' when applied to number, and enjoys making up little problems and working out the correct results himself. He is beginning to understand simple fractions and apparently is able to answer any questions that might be answered by a child of his age."—*Columbus Herald*.

CUNNING OF "DUMMY" TAYLOR.

THAT "DUMMY" TAYLOR, the mute pitcher of the New York National League club is cunning has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of Hemphill, the Cleveland outfielder, during the season that Taylor pitched a few games for Manager Armour's club.

"'Dummy' Taylor and I were roommates when we were with Cleveland," says Hemphill, "and I made fine progress in learning the sign language under his tuition. Then he 'jumped' us and I gave up finger talking.

"It was just after we opened up our first series in Cleveland. Taylor had taken a liking to me and we were much together. The night that Bowerman struck town I missed Taylor. I was going to the theater, and, walking down the street, I met Taylor and Bowerman. The latter I did not know from Adam, or I would have tumbled in a minute to the object of his Cleveland visit.

"I invited the pair to go to the theater with me, but Taylor declined. I noticed the chagrine in his manner. He seemed to want to 'shake' me as soon as possible, and didn't invite me to stay with him. You can bet that Bowerman kept his mouth closed, and finally they broke away from me and I went to the theater alone. I returned home to find the bird had flown. I went up to our room in the hotel and found the door locked.

"I thought, 'Here is a rummy go; me with no key and a deaf and dumb man to wake up before I could get in the room to go to bed.' I went back downstairs and there found the key in the box. When I opened the door and struck a light the first thing I noticed was the 'Dummy's' two uniforms spread out on the bed. A closer search revealed that he had taken his other belongings with him.

"I picked up the uniforms and shook out a note which read: 'Good-by, Charlie—I am back with New York.' Then I knew that he had 'jumped' back, and the man who was with him that night, I found out the next morning, was Frank Bowerman. I did not see the 'Dummy' from that day until I met him at the Southern hotel in St. Louis. He was with the Giants and I was a member of the browns."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Call it not vain;—they do not err,
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.

—*Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Law's like laudanum; it's much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician.—*Guy Mannering*.

Health Talk.

(BY E. L. M.)

THE CLOSED WINDOW.

A BREATH of Fresh air! What does it mean? It means the country, of course, but it means the city, and your own room, with the windows wide open, if you cannot go to the country.

The air is God's; and he cleanses it even for the vitiated atmosphere of the city.

You need no gymnasia other than an upper room in your house with the windows wide open. Never exercise with closed windows. The unused and undisturbed air in your lungs, if originally breathed in close and exhausted rooms, will become as foul as a stagnant pool. It must be driven out—and how? By deep breathing.

The largest vein in your body is open at one end; and it is not filled with blood—but air—your windpipe. This open vein makes a breathing human being part of the outer world; the atmosphere is his bellows. This vein also invites disease to fill your lungs with bad air, and when you breathe heavily under exercise, inhaling all the floating threads and dust of a closed room, we are truly and actually part of the place we live in.

It's life enters with every inspiration we take. We are one with the foul gutters and streets;



PHOTO BY PORTER

SILENT WORKER ENG.

PYRAMID.

hotel offices with dirty spittoons; smoke-filled cars; crowded halls and theatres; public schools and churches, are improperly ventilated; and again we are one with the fresh morning air of the fields; the wholesome smell of fresh dug earth; with the fragrance of the meadows, the hedges and trees, and with the poet we can exclaim "He who has Nature as a companion, must, in some sense, be ennobled by the intercourse."

If you wish a house, clothing and food, you must work for them; but for oxygen there is nothing to pay. It is free to all. Here, we see every means taken to insure our demands for oxygen shall be freely and duly met, and yet we are assured by medical authorities that a very large proportion—some say one-fourth—of all our deaths are caused directly, or indirectly, by oxygen starvation!

The houses of our cities are crowded closely together, so that instead of an abundance, there is only a limited quantity of air for each. This is made unfit for the support of life by the very act of breathing; the impurities are increased by the waste products of factories. The winds and certain properties of the atmosphere constantly remove most of the impure air, and bring in a pure supply, but the crowding together in many parts of the city is so great, and the production of poisonous matter goes on so continuously, that instead of each breath containing its full proportion of oxygen, the place of that gas is taken up to some extent by what is actually hurtful of life. When this is the condition of the atmos-

phere outside the dwelling, it is necessarily much worse within it, for there the displacement of impure air by the pure cannot take place so rapidly.

Pure air and pure food make pure blood, and pure blood will give good health. It is not overwork, except at the table, that causes so many to break down. There is a great deal more softening of the liver than the brain; too much exercise of the jaws and not enough of the muscles.

Deep breathing is a mighty means of preserving and restoring health—indeed it ought to be called the first means. Many authorities are of the opinion that the best way to learn deep breathing is to inhale slowly as much air as you can get into the lungs without discomfort, then exhale just as slowly. Some say inhale slowly, and they exhale with a sudden gush, allowing the shoulders and chest to collapse. Either way is good and can do you no harm. Try it twenty or thirty times a day and see the benefit you will receive.

BASKET BALL CHAT.

The popular game will have a good supply of followers from among the ranks of our boys. The greatest amount of coaching will be on our coming team (our last year's second team) Pugliese, Pace, Hester, Herbst, Reinke and Wenisch. Mr. Sharp will be manager and Mr. Miller will coach the team. There are also several promising youngsters who will be tried out.

Several teams will be organized and a series of games will be run.

New baskets and balls have been purchased and soon they will be in use.

The boys are getting in trim by passing and dribbling the ball every afternoon on the lawn.

The girls are going to have some fun also. Some of them can pass, dribble and shoot as well as the boys.

ONE REASON WHY.

The Palmetto Leaf rises to inquire why base ball should not be taught as a trade. And why not? For the very good reason that like poets and teachers, base ball players are born, not made. Our contemporary need not worry however. There will always be room enough in professional ranks for the Hoys, Kihms and Stephensons. There is not an Institution in America that hasn't its "first team," and if any of the members of these teams evince championship caliber depend upon it, they will be "heard from," as our Michigan friend assures us. The press dispatches recently stated that a novelty was two opposing pitchers, Curtis of Denver and Leitner of Colorado Springs in the same game. There are several others, notably Rosson, of Tennessee, and Hale of Atlanta, who are making good at the game. So long as our schools can turn out natural players, the only kind that can succeed in these swift days, there appears to be no necessity just now for the endowment of a chair of baseball in our schools. Not that we do not believe in encouraging the sport; it is our belief that for developing physical perfection and all that pertains thereto, intelligent baseball playing is far and away above any other sport existing.

How Cubans Catch Turtles.

A queer fish, called by the Spaniards the reve, is very useful to the Cubans when turtle fishing.

It has an oval plate attached to its head, whose surface is traversed by parallel ridges. By this plate it can firmly adhere to any solid body it may choose.

The boats which go in quest of turtles each carry a tub containing some of these reve. When the sleeping turtles are seen they are cautiously approached, and as soon as they are judged near enough a reve is thrown into the sea. Upon perceiving the turtle, its instinct teaches it to swim right toward it, and fix itself firmly upon the creature by its sucking disk.

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Way up yonder in the hills
Echoes caught the wild birds' trills;
Every night the wind sang low
That strange song we used to know,
When we loitered by the way,
Where the butterflies, so gay,
Held their revels by the stream,
Like mad fairies in a dream,
It's the song we used to hear
When the tiny brook, so clear,
Laughed and leaped beside the road,
Where so carelessly we strode.

Clang of bell and whistle's note,
Railway train and ferry boat,
Bid us rouse ourselves anew,
For the world has work to do.

Wonder if the butterflies
Still delight some loiterer's eyes,
Wonder if the song yet thrills
Way up yonder in the hills.

Let's We Forget

THE drum of the ear is as thin as paper, and is stretched like a curtain between the air outside and that within, and thus, having nothing to support it in the centre, and being extremely delicate, a slap with the hand on the side of the face, made with the force which sudden and violent anger gives it, has in multitudes of cases ruptured this delicate membrane, resulting in the affliction of deafness for life. As the right hand is almost always used, it is the left ear which is stricken; this aids in accounting for the fact that the left ear is more frequently affected with deafness than the right.

Stars in Our Crown

STRANGE as it may seem, a number of parents tell us that their children had their trunks packed and were ready to return to us days before the appointed time. They were glad to get home and had a good time while there, but, when their vacation was at an end, they turned with pleasure once again to their school. We would that every one had experienced this longing. There could have been no better evidence of our success in their education. When knowledge is imparted in such a way as to make it a happiness, then and only

then will it find a permanent lodgment in the infantile brain, and the teacher who can give this love for school and teacher and study is one who may safely be trusted with the training of the youth of our land.

Otherwise Engaged

ENGAGEMENTS with the Atlantic Co. Teachers' Association prevented our superintendent from attending the meeting of the N. E. A. at Boston. Of his appearance before the latter, the *May's Landing Record* has the following to say:—

Prof. John P. Walker, superintendent of the State School for the Deaf at Trenton, delivered a scholarly address to the teachers attending Prof. E. D. Riley's Summer School for Teachers on Wednesday, describing the methods used in the tuition of the deaf at this most excellent State institution. Prof. Walker's address was highly instructive and was appreciated not alone by the teachers, but also by the public who were present. The school closed a successful five weeks, course yesterday. Teachers, representing all of the twenty-one counties of the State, have attended the session.

A Child of the State.

THERE is something almost pathetic in the masterly address of Mr. Brewster R. Allabough before the recent convention of the deaf at Johnstown, Pa. It is largely an appeal to its members to redouble their efforts in behalf of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf but a short time since established at Doylestown in that State, and which is already in need of funds. When we look back on the history of the founding of this home we will understand how difficult it will be for those good people to increase their efforts. They have always been to it the soul of fealty, laboring for it night and day, in season and out of season, and by superhuman effort have within a very few years accumulated in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars. There are no rich among them and this splendid sum has been raised by them almost penny by penny. They may renew their efforts, they can scarce increase them. What an opportune moment it would be for some wealthy citizen of the Keystone State to come forward and complete the work so well begun. In the absence of such, is it not the bounden duty of the state to step in and meet the modest demands of this most worthy charity.

Margaret Logan

ONE of the last things spoken in morning chapel to the pupils just before vacation, was an admonition by Superintendent Walker about going upon the railroad. He reminded them of the death of Otto Krause of the previous summer, and of the peculiar danger to which the deaf are subject when upon the tracks, taking pains to emphasize it and to caution them.

Notwithstanding this warning, we have the sad news to record that on the morning of August third, Maggie Logan, one of our older pupils, was struck and instantly killed by a train. She and her friend, Margaret Eggleston, who was visiting her, went to gather blackberries about a mile from her home near Haddonfield. To get them they were obliged to cross the tracks and it was on their return that the accident occurred.

Neither of the girls seemed to have been conscious of the trains approach for her friend narrowly missed the same fate. Maggie was struck by the engine and hurled from the track with a

fractured skull and broken limbs. The train was backed and a doctor who was aboard said the death had come instantly. She had previously been very careful. How was it that neither she, nor her friend who could hear, failed to exercise due precaution? We cannot answer. One more name added to the list of mutes who have come to their death on the railroad. One more sad warning to our pupils and the deaf everywhere. Maggie was a girl of innate refinement by all who knew her. Her evenness of disposition was marked: seldom indeed was she otherwise than cheerful. In her studies she was diligent and conscientious.

So suddenly and mysteriously cut off in the most bright and helpful period of youth, may she in our Fathers' Kingdom grow in the heavenly knowledge with every faculty unfettered and freed from earth's limitation.

School closed last June with one of the finest exhibitions of the pupil's work ever given. The program was as follows:

PROGRAM

INVOCATION - - Rev. J. Ward Gamble
PRIMARY WORK - - Miss Hall's Class

EVERETT DUNN
DAWES SUTTON
ALFRED SHAW
GEORGE BREDE
ADELE SILBERMAN
ETTA TRAVIS
ADA EARNST

Musical Selection—Orchestra

NOW I LAY ME - - { MARIE SIEBEN
MINNIE BREDE

Musical Selection—Orchestra.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY - Mrs. Porter's Class

WILLIE BATTERSBY
GEORGE BREDE
ALFRED SHAW
DAWES SUTTON
EVERETT DUNN

Musical Selection—Orchestra

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY
Miss Tilson's Class

AGNES SLATER
WILLIE STOCKER
LOUIS SERVO
LOUIS HENEMEIER

Musical Selection—Orchestra

CALISTHENICS - - E. Leon Miller

MABEL SNOWDEN
JOSIE BURKE
ALLIE LEARY
ANNIE EARNST
MINNIE BOGERT
EDNA VON WAGONER
CLARA BREESE
LILLIE HAMILTON
BESSIE HENRY
SADIE DALY

Musical Selection—Orchestra

ADVANCED WORK { Mr. Sharp and
Miss Bunting's Class

WESLEY BREESE
MILES SWEENEY
IDELLA FOX
JENNIE SCHWEIZER

Musical Selection—Orchestra

THERE IS NO DEATH { EMMA JACOBS
FLORENCE WAKEFIELD

Musical Selection—Orchestra

AWARD OF CERTIFICATES - -
HON. FRANK S. KATZENBACH, JR.

Musical Selection—Orchestra

AU REVOIR - - Ida Reed

Inspection of Departments

The chapel was crowded to overflowing and many who came could not gain admittance.

Hon. Frank S. Katzenbach, Jr., in his address.

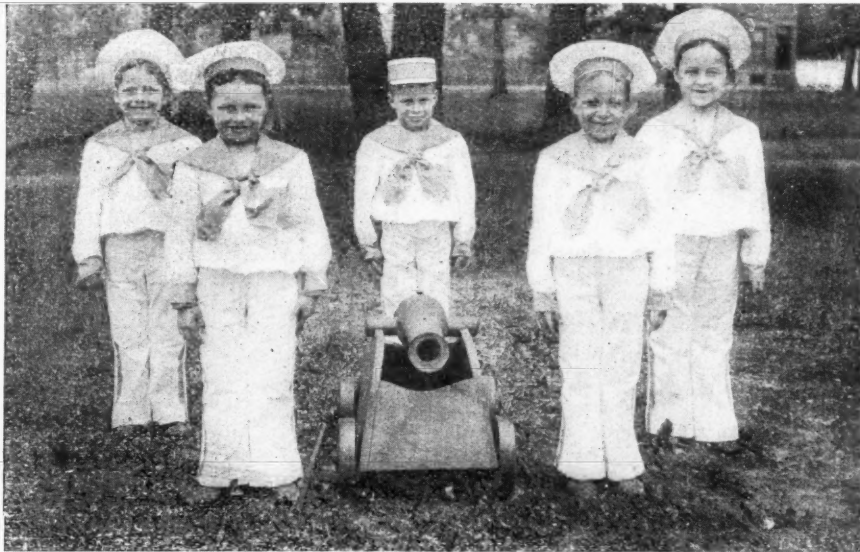


PHOTO BY PORTER

"UNCLE SAM'S NAVY."

SILENT WORKER ENG.

said that he had lived in Trenton for more than thirty years and had never before set foot in the school. He had no idea the pupils were capable of such excellent work, and expressed regret that the accommodations were not better. Now that he had seen for himself that new buildings were urgently needed, he would do all in his power to use his influence towards that end.

Master Frank Penrose arrived on the 17th. He already has a sister and brother and so will be the third from the same family.

Our lawns never looked prettier than the day before school opened. Old Boreas played sad havoc the following day, however.

The infirmary has been completely renovated during the summer, and all it needs is a few little patients to complete its usefulness.

A half dozen magnificent chairs have been added to the furnishings of the main hall and nothing could be prettier than it now is.

No finer lot of little ones ever entered the halls of an educational institution of any kind than that which has come to us this fall.

If the "blow" of the middle of the month had attained just a little greater velocity we would probably have gone both roofless and treeless.

Florence Wakefield is deeply interested in kindergarten work, and spends three hours each day studying the methods of the Hewitt Training School.

All are looking forward with bright anticipations to the day at the fair. Our invitation has been received and it now remains but to name the day.

Mr. Miller has the "gym" in great shape and will, in the course of another month, take his boys and girls largely from their field sports to their floor work.

Mr. Johnson has made a niche in the most prominent corner of the corridor for "Big Ben," and our beautiful time-piece now shows to the very best advantage.

William Henry, Esq., has grown more than any other boy in the school, during his vacation, and promises to be the largest of our pupils in the course of another year.

Frieda Heuser and Cornelia De Witte are inseparable as ever. Both have long hair now and both go to "study hour," facts that they take a great deal of pride in.

Constant changes among officials can but inure to the injury of the school, and it is with pleasure we note the fact that our whole corps of instructors and household officers comes back to us intact.

The school received a short visit from Wallace Cook, of Asbury Park, on the 17th inst. He received a week's furlough from the office of the Pennypacker Press and he spent it mostly in the Quaker City. Mr. Cook is so valued at the place where he works that he recently received a promotion.

Wesley Bresse, one of our last year's pupils will not return to school this year. During the summer he accepted a position in the photo-engraving department of the Pennypacker Press in Asbury Park and owing to the fact that he was very handy about the printing office his employers desired to keep him. Wesley is only sixteen and gets fine pay for a boy so young. Could there be more convincing proof of the value of industrial education than the above.

Rowland, the eldest son of Prof. R. B. Lloyd of our corps of teachers, resigned from the Vancouver, Wash., school for the deaf at the close of last school session, where he has been teaching for a couple of years, in order to enter business with the Acme Milling Co., at Portland, Oreg. Mr. Lloyd thinks the chances for promotion are greater than in teaching, and as he has an excellent education and business talents of a high order, there is no doubt but what he will succeed.

School and City

Our "diamond" is in fine condition.

Maggie Logan is sadly missed by all.

Everett Dunn says that vacation was short.

Quoits has become very popular with the boys.

Senator Hutchinson was among our visitors of the month.

Miles Sweeney and George Bedford have become great chums.

The majority of the new arrivals do not seem to know what homesickness is.

Several of the children brought their wheels with them upon their return.

Florence Bennett says the old horse knew her upon her return and nodded to her.

A new "shaper" will be among our additions to the wood-working department.

Jennie Clauss was the first to arrive, having returned the Monday before school opened.

The pedestals made in the wood-working department last year now ornament "the centre."

The room added to the dressmaking department gives us half again as much space there.

Charley Jones had a bad "spill" from his wheel one day last week. Charley ride sltogether too fast.

We had during the month the pleasure of renewing old acquaintance with many Papas and Mammias.

Mr. Whalen spent much of the summer mending and there is now scarce a shoe in the house out of repair.

The new shelving put in the store room by Mr. Johnson affords quite a bit of additional space for the storage of goods and chattels.



PHOTO BY PORTER

A TENNIS TEAM.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

Walker's Forge.

SITUATED on South river, in Weymouth township, three miles from Mays Landing, was founded by Lewis M. Walker, about 1816. Walker was born in Oley township, Berks County, Pa., August 16, 1791. He came to New Jersey in 1811, and became one of the first superintendents for Joseph Ball and others of the Weymouth iron



SILENT WORKER ENG.

WALKER'S FORGE.

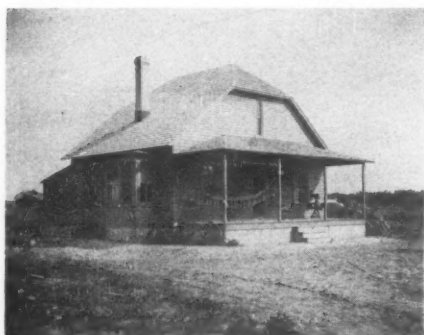
works. When he resigned to establish a plant of his own at South River, he was succeeded by John Richards. He built a saw mill and iron forge and prospered for many years, employing in his coalings, mill and forges as many as one hundred hands.

He married Charlotte Pennington, of Mays Landing, who was born April 25, 1789, and died May 25, 1872. They had five children: John P., b. February 8, 1820; d. March 26, 1853, who was the first Sheriff of Atlantic County; George, who married in 1842 and was the father of Samuel, John P., and Emma; Joseph B., who married Mary Drummond, of Freehold, and had two children, both dead; Amelia, who married Joseph Humphries, and was the mother of two children, Mary and Lewis; and Rebecca, who became the second wife of Simon Hanthorn. So far as known, John P., the son of George, is the only surviving member of the family. The estate is owned by him, and the fine stone house, built in more prosperous days, is his summer residence.

It is a tradition that the first iron pipes used in Philadelphia, in place of log aqueducts, were cast at Walker's Forge.—*Hall's History of Atlantic Co.*

"The Leonray."

Physical Director Miller's summer home is situated on the Great Egg Harbor River, inland about fifteen miles. It is one of a colony of educators. Prof. A. B. Entwistle, of the Central Manual School of Philadelphia, has a cottage across the river known as "The Pines." Prof. Fitz, from the same school, has a home just



SILENT WORKER ENG.

"THE LEONRAY."

below. Dr. John Gifford, who until last summer occupied the chair of Forestry at Cornell, and has been sent to Porto Rico as special commissioner on forestry, has a place known as the "Cedars." The view at this point is one of the finest in that part of the country.

THE SILENT WORKER. State News.

Trenton.—Miss Eva Hunter, of this city, and Mr. Lewis Carty, of Florence, this state, were married on the 11th of July, at Haleyville, N. J., the residence of the bride's mother. They will shortly commence housekeeping in Florence where the groom has a steady and lucrative position in the iron works there.

Isaac Golland, of New York city, was in town on Labor Day and distributed "kind words" among his friends. He is a member of the League of Elect Surds, a prominent organization of the deaf in Greater New York.

Mr. R. C. Stephenson, who was engaged by the Roebings to play ball the early part of the summer, was released by the management in August on what seemed to his numerous friends to be unjust grounds. He was immediately engaged by the strong Lambertville team to play the remainder of the season. "Steve," as he is called by many, now works for a sanitary ware company in this city, having left the Morrisville Rubber works where he has been employed for a year or so.

Mrs. I. V. Jenkins, wife of the former principal of the New Jersey School for the Deaf in this city, spent a couple of days visiting friends in Trenton. She is looking better than she has for many years and reports her distinguished husband as being in robust health. They have been making extensive repairs to their Englishtown home this summer. On the twelfth of September they sailed for Savannah, from which place they went by rail to Alabama. They are highly pleased with their positions in the Talladega school and speak in the highest terms of Southern hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Salter, former residents of this city but now of Philadelphia, were in town the early part of September, visiting friends. They were on their way to Lambertville to attend a funeral of one of Mr. Salter's relatives. Mr. S. has steady employment at the Disston Saw Works.

Mrs. Bowker and Mrs. Carty have returned from Haleyville, N. J., where they enjoyed a short sojourn at the parental homestead. Their husbands joined them down there for a few days.

Messrs. Lloyd, Bowker and Porter recently visited the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown, Pa., where they were very pleasantly entertained by the matron in charge. They found the Home scrupulously neat and the few inmates apparently very contented and happy. The trip was made by trolley which is considered one of the best trolley routes that branch out from Trenton in all directions.

Miss Bessie Sutphin, of Flemington, visited her friends the Misses Bilbee, last August, and reports having had a perfectly lovely time.

Long Branch.—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Cook, of Asbury Park, have been spending the summer here at the home of the former's parents, they having rented their cottage during the time being. They have a most beautiful little girl who will be three years old on the fourth of this month. Mr. and Mrs. Cook expect before long to build a residence of their own.

Mr. B. Gallagher, who enjoys a good position in one of the wood turning shops here, has been spending the summer with his parents in Paterson.

Ocean Grove.—Mr. Archibald Baxter, of New York, has been here every summer for a number of years, his parents being the owner of a very comfortable cottage not far from the fishing pier. Mr. Baxter spends most of his time with rod and reel at the pier and has landed more fish than any other man at the Grove. He says the best fishing is during September and October when the gamey fish fairly jump out of the water.

Flemington.—Miss Bessie Sutphin was one of the bridesmaids at a very pretty wedding in this town last June, which was witnessed by about ninety-five people.

Lambertville.—Mr. Marvin Hunt is now a member of the Typographical Union, having joined it last June. We hope he will succeed in commanding better wages now.

East Orange.—Mr. Thomas Taggart gave a party on the evening of Saturday, September 19th, to which a large number of his deaf friends were invited. It took place at his Everett street home and Mr. Taggart proved himself a most excellent entertainer. It is generally known that Mr. Taggart will soon be married. Shortly after the party he sailed for Europe to meet his intended bride. The accompanying picture was taken



SILENT WORKER ENG.

thirteen years ago when Tommy, as he was called then, took part in a masquerade party at the New Jersey school and represented George Washington. The little girl with him is Miss Ruth Redman, of Newark, and she represented Martha.

Jersey City.—Alexander White is a press feeder and a member of the Feeder's Union and Franklin Association No. 23. He is a former pupil of the New Jersey School.

Barnegat.—Miss Ethel Collins has gone to Trenton for a few days visit. She was the guest of Miss Grace Apgar.

California.

Mr. Winfield S. Runde, until recently a supervisor at the Berkeley school for the deaf, has been called to a position as teacher in the North Dakota school at Devil's Lake. He will also edit the *Banner* during the coming year.

Mr. Douglas Tilden, sculptor, has finished the plaster cast of the \$24,000 statue to California Volunteers who died in the Philippines. Mr. Tilden has also won first prize in the competition for the memorial to the Oregon volunteers, but his latest acquisition, and the most valuable of all, is—a son, which arrived on the 16th of September. Congratulations are now in order for the great sculptor.

Mr. Theodore Grady, the only deaf-mute lawyer of the Pacific coast and perhaps of the entire United States, is still teaching in the Berkeley School and practising law. He has about ten cases at present.

Mr. Jacques Alexander, a deaf-mute artist of New York city, is visiting on the Pacific coast.

Fire-Wood.

The fuel value of our different kinds of native wood have been figured out as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 95; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow poplar, 51; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. The nature of the soil on which a tree grows also has much to do with its fuel value.

Chicago.



PACE writers for the dailies in departmental articles have quite a wide range and, I have noted, make the most of things they believe of interest, "fillers" being used when novelties are scarce. The *Chicago Chronicle* has a department captioned "Odd Tales of the Town" conducted, it seems, by a writer of versatility and the articles themselves are generally worth the reading, but in the case below the "filler" was in requisition, it seems to the initiated, or he allowed the prank of some jokers—most likely some college boys—to be taken too literally. It may not be really worth the trouble of reproduction in these columns but I have concluded to have it run in to show how we are (sometimes) as others see us:

A half dozen half-intoxicated deaf and dumb persons had sport with the waiters in the Pompeian room at the Auditorium Annex yesterday afternoon, and when the mutes had left the waiters were welcoming suicide or the insane asylum, and they were not particular which.

The mutes entered silently. Neither did they say anything when the waiter advanced and asked them what they would have. Instead one of the men extracted a half dozen photographs from his pocket. The waiter looked at them and shook his head. The mutes continued their silence. The waiter shook his head some more and then called upon the head waiter.

"Six coffins on six carpenter horses," mused the head waiter. "Wonder what that means?"

"Oh I've got them now," answered the waiter, and a smile was upon his face as he started for a cigar counter. He was still smiling when he handed the deaf man a half dozen boxes of cigarettes. But the deaf man shook his head and emphatically. The waiter was crestfallen.

The guests were consulted and a coffin drummer had no difficulty in solving the problem.

"They want half a dozen beers. That's what the photographs represent."

"Sure," said the waiter, and the foaming lager was placed before them. The deafmen smiled their approval and hastily disposed of the beer. A moment later the six were down upon their knees, their arms moving up and down at a mile a minute.

"They're crazy now, sure enough," moaned the waiter, and he started for the house detective. A crowd gathered around them.

"Too bad," muttered one man. "Yes, and they look so intelligent," from another.

"Dunning is the place for them, though," from a third. Just then a man whose garb proclaimed him a tiller of the soil came in.

"Jinks, but they'd make good milkers," he commented, and the waiter jumped with delight. The next moment the six mutes were drinking milk, but they still refrained from uttering their approbation.

The writer notices the class of '03 at the Ohio school has as its motto "Step by Step" (Pas a Pas) and begs to congratulate the members thereof in their choice.

It has proven a lucky selection for the club down this way, and may it prove as much to Ohio '03.

The Buffalo deaf must have got their languages slightly mixed when they adopted the name of their new club. "Pan-a-Pan," while sounding all right, would give a student the "puzzlers" to translate literally. "All by All," as it reads in its hybrid shape has very little sense in it. However, the writer was told the intentions of the organizers of the club were to compliment at once their late great exposition and a great sister organization up this way, so perhaps criticism should be suspended.

The readers of the Chicago letters of the *Deaf American* are being reminded forcibly that in the midst of life we are in death" by the enterprising Chicago correspondent's success in advertising soliciting, as witness the only advertisement appearing on the first page. The publisher has stated his wish to improve the publication, etc., but the above noted improvement, while it does denote enterprise, might be dispensed with on that page. No one desires to see the *American* succeed more than does the writer, who knows what it has to contend with and "buck against" and it is only

with good intentions he suggests the typographical change as above.

It is unusual to hear of Mr. "Crane's" aim being bad, but he confesses in the clipping below to an error in judgment, but softens the blow (to him) by adding another 13 inch to "Reggy's" collection.—*Vide*:

It was a mistake that O. H. Regensburg is back in Chicago. "Reggy" has fallen in love with California, and proposes to stay there. If the North American continent proceeds to tip up, you will know why. It may be in order for the Interstate Commerce Commission to get out an injunction requiring Reggy to locate permanently near the centre of the continent. That would bring him into Minnesota, and we might feel crowded.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude A. Maxwell ("Pansy") of California to Mr. George A. Nelson ("G. A. N.") of Michigan, two well-known constellations to the deaf press, was announced last June. Congratulations are in order.

F. P. GIBSON.

The Deaf as Servants.

MRS. BALIS very strongly urged the great need for the deaf girls in the institutions to learn cooking and housework. She thinks that a course of instruction in these branches would check the false pride that prevents so many of the deaf girls from going out to service, when they could earn a better and more comfortable living at this, than at anything else they could do. If you ask the girls of some school for the deaf how many of them intend to become servants, they will show unwillingness and displeasure at the idea of such work. Mrs. Balis once asked a deaf girl to become her servant, but she refused because she was afraid that her former schoolmates would laugh at her. Mrs. Balis tried to make her see how foolish it was to care about what they would say, but she refused to work until Mrs. Balis promised her to tell no one that she was working for her. When she began her work, she was very ignorant of how to do it right. She had been ten years at school, but could only sew, iron common clothes, and make beds. But she was willing and obedient. Mrs. Balis had to give her several hard lessons on how to sweep and dust a carpeted room correctly, and how to wash and wipe fine china and glassware. She did not know how to polish silver, and thought bath-brick was good enough for that. She did not know how to wash painted windows and scrub painted floors, or how to iron lace, embroideries and fine clothes. She was ignorant of how to set a table properly, and could not cook at all. She was good in arithmetic at school, but found it very hard to understand what a half-cup, a quarter pound, or two ounces of anything really meant in solids and liquids. She could not wait at table. She wanted to use things belonging to her mistress, and expected to use the family rooms when her friends called.

In time she learned and improved much; became a faithful and valuable servant, and took great pride and interest in her work. She even urged others to take service.—*Canadian Mute*.

Pure Oralism is Declared a Failure in Europe.

PURE ORALISM seems to be doomed in Europe, where its decadence becomes more marked from year to year; and its most deadly wounds are being received in the house of its erstwhile friends. The latest and perhaps the severest arraignment of it comes from M. Henry Gailard, who was sent by the French government as a delegate to the Congress for the Deaf in 1893. He says:—"In France the pure oral method has existed for nearly twenty years already, and has in that time not yet produced a single pupil able to speak distinctly and readily read the lips and, above all, able to express himself correctly in writing in the language of his country—the French language. Those who are supposed to have succeeded are semi-mutes, who, having lost their hearing when from five to ten years old, were obliged to attend a special school. It is with such pupils that the pure oral method reaches its highest aims. The greater number profit very

little by the pure oral method, especially in their ability to express themselves in written language. ** I am glad, however, to note a reaction among the teachers in the national institution at Paris. One notices there a turn towards the combined system, the utilization of all methods according to the aptitude of pupils. The movement is not admitted, it is hardly perceptible, but it has caught a foothold, and the failure of the pure oral method is no longer a question of time."

Another competent critic, Mr. J. Barland, an accomplished Scotch deaf-mute, and recently headmaster of the Dundee school for the deaf, spoke as follows:—"On matters of deaf-mute education my experience is in favor of the Manual Alphabet Method. I would have all children taught by that system, and those who have a nice voice, and can be taught to speak a little, by the Combined System. The true meaning of speech for deaf-mutes is nothing but an accomplishment to be able to speak as many words and sentences as possible. If the world knew the peculiar needs and wants of deaf-mutes, the Pure Oral System would collapse. It prospers on the world's ignorance. I acknowledge the sincerity of many advocates of the Pure Oral System, but they know almost nothing of the moody condition of old pupils taught by their system in the world of business." Yet there are people who wish to foist on American schools this system which is being so strongly discredited and abandoned in places where it has been tested for half a century and found so sadly wanting.—*Canadian Mute*.

Port Huron, Mich.

Considerable time has elapsed since I crossed the border from Shetland, Ont., about thirty-five miles beyond, thus for the first time in my life setting foot on American soil, though strange to say I am nearly of middle age.

This city borders on St. Clair river, right at the mouth where Lake Huron enters, and has a population of about 25,000, among whom are sixteen mutes, eight being of Canadian birth. There are five mute employees in the Grand Trunk Railway car shops here out of six hundred employed. The superintendent, Mr. John Hodgson, has a mute sister, Mabel, residing in Simcoe, Ont.

On August 29th, Mr. Edward White, of Charing Cross, Ont., was struck by a train and terribly mangled. His rig was destroyed, but the horse escaped. Charing Cross once had a private mute school during the sixties, under the tuition of Mr. Murray Thomas, now of Oakville, near Toronto. The latter was a pupil of the Hartford school.

On the 13th inst., a mute service was held in London, Ont., with a large attendance, on account of the fact that the Annual Western Ontario Fair was in progress in that city. Mr. R. C. Schlater, of Toronto, conducted the service.

The writer has traced his oldest classmate, Mr. James Beemer, to Bay City, Mich., who was the deskmate of the late Prof. J. D. McKillop of the Belleville school during the first three sessions. The latter died only two years ago.

Mr. Watler Wark was in this city this month visiting his folks in Samia, Ont., just across the river, as well as here, and then returned to Columbus, Ohio, where he works as a harness-maker.

On the 12th inst., M. Adolph Kusin and Mrs. Nettie Teller went down to Detroit for the annual mute banquet and also attended the mute service the next day, conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann.

Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie had a visit from her brother William of Glamis, Ont., lately. During the annual G. T. R. holiday last month Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Miss Mary Showers and Mr. Henry Scott took in Detroit as well as Windsor, Ont. Meanwhile the other employees were on the same road.

We had an interesting visitor lately from near Oil Springs, Ont., from the fact that his great grand father of Iona, Mich., is a centenarian, being 103 years old, well and sound as ever. The visitor's name was master Elroy Jackson, and he has resumed his studies at the Belleville school.

WILLIE KAY.

Law is like a lick-penny — no counsellor like the pound in purse.—*St. Roman's Well*.

THE SACRED SABBATH.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, says in *The Philadelphia Press* of April 18th:

"The sacred Sabbath, Matthew xii. 1:13. Said Samuel Taylor Coleridge: 'I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty two Springs in the year.' A distinguished physician said 'Under due observance of the Sabbath life would, on the average, be preserved more than one-seventh of its whole period—that is, more than seven years in fifty.' The late Dr. Pepper Crovost of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote: 'I have no hesitation in saying that it is my clear opinion that the regular observance of the Sabbath does tend to prolong life, to improve health and to increase in quantity and quality the total work done by the individual.' Said Lord Macaulay, in one of his speeches in Parliament: 'I very much doubt whether, at the end of the year, a man will have produced more by working seven days a week than by working six days a week; and I firmly believe that at the end of twenty years he will have produced less by working seven days a week than by working six days a week.' Said a great banker, after passing successfully through the most severe and critical commercial panic: 'I would have been a dead man had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night through the whole week, I felt on Saturday afternoon as if I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Everything looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. I could see through and I got through, but had it not been for the Sabbath I have no doubt I would have been in the grave.' During the French revolution they substituted one day in ten instead of one in seven as rest day. But it was soon discovered that such an ordering of time was futile. Said the French peasants: 'Our cattle know the Sabbath and will have it. So inestimably valuable and profoundly structural is the benignant Sabbath law.

People sometimes, thoughtlessly and carelessly say that Jesus Christ abrogated the Sabbath law, that, therefore, the sacred Sabbath law is no longer binding. Nothing could be further from the fact. Jesus was scrupulous in His own observance of the Sabbath. We are often told how His wont was to attend the Sabbath synagogue service. Jesus did break off and clear away the Pharisaic tyrannies with which men had unwarrantably imprisoned Sabbath keeping. For example, the rabbis said—on the Sabbath you must not walk upon the grass for that would be a kind of threshing; you must not wear nailed sandals, for that would be a kind of burden-bearing; you must not scatter corn for the fowls to eat, for a kernel might germinate, and that would be a kind of sowing; you must not catch a flea, for that would be a kind of hunting; you must not bring a sheaf of wheat into the house, for that would be a kind of labor, and so on interminably. Such pitiable slavery of Sabbath-keeping, our Lord steadily clashed with. Take the instance of our Scripture. That hungry men, passing through a wheat-field, might break off the wheat heads as they passed, and chaffing them in their hands disimprison the wheat, and eat the kernels, was special enactment of the benign mosaic law. That hungry men might not do it on the Sabbath was only an unwarrantable and poor Pharisaic gloss. Against such tyrannous gloss our Lord set Himself. So also against the merely human notion that works of mercy, like the healing of the sick, or works of necessity, like the healed man's carrying his bed, might not be done upon the Sabbath, our Lord steadily set Himself, this illustration I have used elsewhere—once into the possession of a man who knew pictures there came an old canvas on the surface of which there had been splashed a third-rate portrait of the Virgin Mary. Something attracts this man's special attention to this canvas, and carefully picking off, now here, now here, now there, the outer covering of hindering color; he at last disclosed as the real thing the canvas carried, a majestic limning of the face of our Lord Himself, and inestimably precious. This was what Jesus did about the Sabbath—and this was all. The blurring, poor punctiliousness with which men had overlaid the Sabbath, making its keeping slavery instead of joy and blessing, Jesus lifted from the Sabbath, disclosing to men its benign

and great and helpful visage, as God first gave it. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," is our Lord's announcement. But the Sabbath was made for man's rational keeping, not for his lawless breaking.

Sabbath breaking is still sin.

Do not turn holy-day into holiday. Cherish the Sabbath—God's utmost boon to toiling humanity. Make it a day for worship, rest, mercy—and the Divine blessing which always falls on the Sabbath-keeper shall crown you.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S ATTRACTIONS.

The fall and winter season at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre has opened with a veritable "boom," and bids fair to continue in that highly profitable manner many weeks to come. The audiences during the two inaugural weeks just closed were the largest in point of number ever assembled in this spacious house, while the enthusiasm that marked the rendition of the melodramas presented was simply remarkable. Mr. Proctor's East Side clientage seem to like drama in its most lurid form, and they will get a generous share of it this season.

The most costly theatre in New York, so far as its rental and other fixed charges are concerned, is F. F. Proctor's Fifth Avenue. It is a well known fact that no other Broadway theatre (the Metropolitan Opera House, of course, being excepted) brings to its owner so large a rental—said to be in the vicinity of \$55,000 a year—and it is an amazing fact that at the low prices of admission charged (from 25c. to 75c.), Mr. Proctor is able to make his investment profitable. The secret of it seems to be that the shows are so good as to draw an immense patronage all the year round. This season's plan of high class comedy has started out most promisingly.

Miss Florence Reed, the clever and vivacious leading lady of the F. F. Proctor Stock Company, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, has returned to her town residence, after a long vacation at Atlantic City, and on Sept. 14 resumed her stage work. She will be seen first as jaunty Kitty Hardcastle, in an elaborate revival of "She Stoops to Conquer." In this role, it is predicted, Miss Reed's piquant personality is more than likely to carry her to a distinct success.

Mr. Proctor's fashionable vaudeville theatre on West Twenty-third Street has just started its regular Fall season. The house is soon going under some repairs, which will brighten the decorations and add to the general comfort of Mr. Proctor's patrons. The best vaudeville obtainable will be presented throughout the season, and a generally excellent show will always be maintained.

An excellent company of Proctor favorites will make up the cast of players who will interpret the various roles of the comedies that will be presented at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre throughout the Fall season. Among the old favorites who have been re-engaged are: Mr. Charles M. Seay, Mr. Sol Aiken, Mr. Paul McAllister, Miss Pearl Landers, Miss Cecylle Mayer, Miss Margaret Kirker, Mr. Albert Roberts, Mr. Louis Bond, Miss Lorna Elliott and numerous others.

The Fall season has opened at Proctor's Newark playhouse, and only the best vaudeville headliners and novelties will be presented throughout the season. This charming theatre has rapidly grown into the favor of all New-arkites until now it is the most popular theatre in New Jersey.

In a short time Proctor's Albany Theatre will close the most successful stock season the house has ever had. On or about Oct. 5, the regular winter season of high class vaudeville will commence. Many foreign attractions will be presented in quick order, and Albanians will this season have a chance to see all of the metropolitan vaudeville successes. Mr. Proctor has decided to spare no labor or money in presenting the best talent obtainable.

Proctor's Montreal Theatre is now open, and the season is in full swing. All the big dramatic successes are being produced from week to week, and splendid business is the Proctor slogan.

Presence of mind is courage. —*Peveril of the Peak.*

Poems by the Deaf.

IMPERIAL ANTHEM.

The mail-clad power of England treads
Far o'er the rolling waves,
And rising nations rear their heads,
Our children, not our slaves.
If welded fast, for weal or woe,
When battle standards fly,
Through all the earth where dwells the foe
That dares our right deny?

O'er all the seas the morning breeze
Flings out that ensign brave,
Where far Newfoundland's whaler sees
The angry surges rave,
To where all peaceful and serene
Australia's waterglides,
Where her gigantic coral screen
The ocean wave divides.

No pause nor rest our empire knows,
Borne on with strength and skill,
A thousand years of warfare shows
Our banners forward still.
High o'er Egyptian sands they float,
Pretorian forts and towers,
Now hear the British bugle's note
That tells the land is ours.

Then let us stand, and hand in hand
Swear still the sword to draw,
If England's right our aid demands
For Empire, Home, and Law.
Hurrah! Hurrah! the cheering rings
High o'er the curling wave,
Our strength is in the King of Kings,
Almighty, strong to save.
—H. B. Beale in *British Deaf Monthly*.

It is manifestly the will of God that a blind man should not be a painter or a deaf man a musician or a man of indistinct speech an orator. There are mental peculiarities and educational opportunities which open some doors and shut others before those who are choosing their places in life. There would be fewer misfits in our trades and professions, if all providences were understood and met in the best possible way with a view to preparing the afflicted when they embark on the sea of life for every emergency. As will be seen because of affliction, difficulties necessarily increase in the way of getting along in daily life, and it is only dogged determination that will overcome them. We have seen many illustrations of this, one of which we select. It was close application to his tasks that has made Luther Taylor a masterful twirler amidst New York City Giants. Handicapped by lack of speech and hearing, only the utmost determination enabled him to rise from the amateur ranks, but his fortitude has established his success, and he is considered one of the best of pitchers. He is as quick to detect an error on the part of an adversary and as prompt to take advantage of it as any hearing man. His capability commands respect from every spectator. This fact shows that any other mute can do just as well in any vocation, and with determination will come out on top. Kihm, another mute, stands highest as first baseman in the American base-ball ranks, and can always be relied upon, everytime even when his own team gets rattled.

Not only in baseball, but in other vocations the deaf succeed. The following instance illustrates the ability of the deaf to take care of themselves. Mr. Thomas S. Marr, of Nashville, Tenn., a graduate of the Tennessee School, and of Gallaudet College, ran against a number of skilled competitors for the best design for an electrical tower to be located at the Exposition Grounds at St. Louis, and was the successful architect. Quite a number of mutes are successful traveling salesmen. There is one at the head of the largest contracting firm in San Francisco, and in all business transactions he uses the pad and the pencil. Mr. Phil. L. Axling is one of the editors of the *Daily Bulletin* at Seattle, Washington. The South Dakota School, which has been successful in every way, has Mr. James Simpson as its superintendent, who established it about twenty years ago. Every school in America has several deaf teachers not excepting our own school. Another good example, as an artisan, is Newton Watkins who has been very persistent in pursuing his chosen vocation, and now he has such control of it that he can be independent. A hint to the wise is sufficient. What a deaf child wants is good, common sense language and manual training. —*Kelly Messenger*.

Items of Interest.

EDITED BY R. B. LLOYD.

Substitute for Ice.

The New York *Evening Post* says that liquid air is now being sold in Berlin in glass vessels at about thirty-eight cents a quart. It is expected that for domestic purposes it will soon take the place of ice, over which it has the advantage of purity, freedom from germs, and the fact that it evaporates gradually without leaving any water.

Corn and Beans as Ballots.

By order of the Massachusetts government in 1623 grains of corn were used as ballots in public voting. At elections of the governor's assistants a kernel of corn was deposited to signify a favorable vote upon the nominee, while a bean signified a negative vote, and if any man put in more than one Indian corn or bean he forfeited for every such offence ten pounds.

The Teleosaurus.

The teleosaurus is supposed to have been the most destructive monster among the antediluvian inhabitants of the ocean. It was thirty feet in length and was clothed in an adamantine coat of mail which would have been impervious to a rifle-ball of to-day. Its jaws, which were armed with tremendous teeth, could be opened to a distance of six feet. Thus it was capable of swallowing an ox.

The Basilisk.

This curious but hideous looking animal, now known to be harmless, was formerly considered the most baleful of reptiles. A glance of his eye was believed to cause death, while his breath infected the air with a poison so virulent as to kill not only all animal life within its influence, but to destroy vegetation as well. A full grown basilisk is about three feet in length. It is found mostly in tropical South America.

Bridges.

China has a stone bridge six miles long made up of 330 arches each seventy feet high. There is an iron bridge in Scotland 18,612 feet long. There is a wooden bridge composed of trestlework in New Orleans twenty-one miles long. The wood used is cypress, and the piles have been saturated with creosote oil in order to preserve them. Bradford, Pa., probably has the highest bridge in the world—301 feet above the bed of Kinzina Creek.

An Intelligent Horse.

There was lately at Bucyrus, O., a horse which could pump water. He would take hold of the pump handle with his teeth and pump until he had filled the trough and secured enough water for himself and the other horses. He soon wore out the pump handle and the farmer, instead of procuring a new one out of consideration for the horse, put in a chain pump. The horse, at last accounts, was studying the mechanism of the new machine and making frequent attempts to operate it.

How Pumpkins Grow.

A bontanist recently devoted some little time to studying the growth of the pumpkin and its vine, using in his experiments an ingenious electrical device for measuring plant growth. The interesting fact was revealed that the pumpkin itself does most of its growing after seven o'clock in the evening, and diminishes its activity as the sun rises and begins to act upon the leaves. From nine o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon the weight of the fruit diminishes, owing to the evaporation of water from the leaves of the plant.

The general results show that when the fruit grows most the vine grows least, and vice versa. The course of these experiments has been watched with great interest by the botanists, as they cover a part of the science as yet very little known.

About Paper.

There are over two thousand patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some one of them, from wood, from the leaves of vines; from hop plants, bean stalks, pea vines; from the trunks and stems of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover and timothy hay, and more than one hundred kinds of grasses; from straw and coconut fiber; from fresh water weeds and sea weeds, from sawdust, shavings, and asbestos; from thistles and thistle down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks, and tan bark; from hair, wood, fur, old sacking or bagging, and from almost any other imaginable refuse.

Training Russian Policemen.

There is a policemen's college in St. Petersburg to train applicants for the force. There is a museum combined with the school where the pupils make themselves familiar with the tools of criminals—jimmies, drills, chisels and contrivances for robbing collection boxes, a special field of Russian thieves. The Russian passport system is studied in detail. The duties of the dvorniks, a sort of assistant police, are taught. They keep watch on the residences, report on the habits of tenants, their visitors, examine the papers of newcomers and direct them to report themselves at the police station. The members of such a clever and complicated system need careful instruction.

Horned Toads.

Perhaps the strangest species of animal life in this country is the horned toad, which is quite common in the great Southwest.

These animals are somewhat larger than the common toads which infest our lawns and gardens, and are found in large numbers on the sandy plains of Arizona and New Mexico. They are strange looking little creatures, and their name is derived from the fact that three projections like horns stick out straight from the top of their heads. The most curious feature about these toads is the habit they have of apparently spitting blood from their eyes when disturbed. An old hunter who has lived in that locality all his life, says that it is not really blood that these creatures spurt forth, but a liquid resembling it, and that it comes from little orifices just above and behind the eyes. He also stated that this liquid has a stupefying effect upon an animal covered with it.

How the Crocodile Breeds.

All crocodiles produce their young by eggs which are laid in a hole dug in the sand by the side of a river, or some fresh water lake. The female lays from eighty to a hundred eggs, of the size of a tennis-ball and covered with a tough white skin, like parchment. She then covers them with sand so artfully that the place can scarcely be perceived and goes away. She returns the next day, lays about the same number of eggs; and the day following also a like number. She then, having covered them carefully, leaves them for about thirty days. In the meantime they are hatched by the heat of the sun. The mother returns, scratches away the sand and sets them free. Some run unguided to the water; others climb upon their mother's back and are carried thither. The moment they arrive at the water, not only she, but the male, becomes their enemy, and both devour as many of them as they can. The entire brood scatters in alarm, but by far the greater part is destroyed by the voracious parents and other enemies.

How Animals Act at Fires.

Most animals are afraid of fire and will fly from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame and they will walk into it even though tortured by the heat, says the *Chicago Chronicle*. Some firemen were talking the other day about the conduct of animals during a fire. A horse in a burning stable, they agreed, was wild with fear, but a dog was as cool in a fire as at any other time. A dog, they said, keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their

faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are as a rule quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still; even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out of themselves. Rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires. The men said that in all their experience they had never come upon the burned skeleton of a rat or a mouse.

Don't Wait.

What is life? Sometimes 'tis sadness, sometimes joy. Oh, if you have a smile for anyone, give it now, don't wait! Life is said to be "what we make it;" but oh, I think our friends, and all whom we meet from day to day, add their mite in forming our lives, for we are all susceptible to influences more or less. The geniality and warmth of the smile invigorates, whereas the scowl and the harsh words depress; but how thoughtless we are, many a time, when we frown! We might just as well smile. If any one has a kind word—a word that would cheer another—oh, give it now. Don't wait until it is too late, for the years are fleeting by, and now is the time they need your words of cheer to help them tread the path of life. If you have a kiss for some one, give it now while the lips are warm with life and can thrill with love and joy. It is grand to be able to produce a smile instead of a frown, like a flash of light in the darkness. The frown is darkness—yea, death itself; but the smile is life, sweet life. Let us all send out more sunshine in the world to lighten the pathway of our friends and neighbors. Our flowers, our smiles or our love will most assuredly help the living. We all hunger for each other's love and sympathy; give it ere it be too late.—*Exchange*.

The Washerwoman's Song.

Celebrated Poem by E. F. Ware ("Ironquill") who has been Selected for Commissioner of Pensions.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone,
"With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semisong,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotonous the song
She was humming all day long,
"With the Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.
Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be,
But her spirits always rose
Like the bubbles in the clothes;
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Easter Island.

Far away in the Pacific ocean lies a lonely volcanic island which is called Easter island from the fact that it was discovered on Easter day, 1722, by a navigator named Roggereen, a Dutch admiral. Its real name is Rapa-Nui, and its Polynesian inhabitants are fast dying out. Comparatively few explorers have visited it, and, contrary to the joyous spring name it has, it is a deserted place.

What makes Easter island of interest are the numbers of curious colossal stone heads and busts, called moai, which abound there, evidently the work of the natives hundreds of years ago. A few of these are erect, but many have fallen.

The legend says that King Tukupihu settled in Rapa-Nui and retired into a cave, where he carved and cut all the gigantic heads, which removed themselves to their present position on the island.

When he became old, he did not die, but was turned into a butterfly, which is called in that country by his name.

Tukupihu used to search for eggs in the nests of the sea birds, and when he lost his human form the chiefs who wished to succeed him agreed to search for a certain number of eggs, and the first to collect them was appointed king. It seems singular that eggs without any especial significance should have been so important on Easter island.

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